

Living on the point of a needle

by Robert Martress

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Summary: Sometimes things just don't go right.

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Eugene Dwyre was having a bad day. If that horrid clichÃ© hasn't convinced you to stop reading, I salute you. However it's a necessary evil as he really was having a bad day. As it happens, we join his sad story as he's having his house raided by some Civil Protection members. But before we get there I think we should really go back to how it started.

"Right then. That's two packets of Zelem, one of Aprolop and three 'sticks. You wanna pay for that now or in instalments?"

"I'll pay now," came the reply. The man dumped a large wad of notes onto the ground where the two were squatted, low to the ground to avoid the eyes of the authorities. Eugene reached down and picked up the cash, before handing the drugs over.

"Here yea go man. Remember, you got them off the back of a lorry."

With that, he stood and walked away. His designated residence was a few blocks away, and he wanted to be home before the rain got too bad. Eugene shivered, pulling the collar of his jacket up to protect himself from the cold night air. His eyes darted from left to right as he made his way along the road. Civil protection wouldn't be too impressed by his wandering the streets at this time of night, particularly with the drugs he had on his person. Being shipped off to a detention centre just didn't seem like a great opportunity.

It seemed unfair to Eugene, that the combine overlords should be so strict over a few narcotic substances. As far as he could see it, he was simply doing a service to the poor people who couldn't cope with the cruel reality they had been thrust into. He was helping the community by keeping them happy and in order. Surely that was the

best thing he could be doing?

Eugene eventually rounded the corner onto his street, and stopped abruptly.

"Shit!" In front of the residential block, stood a Civil Protection officer. Now he didn't have the option of going in. He'd have to find somewhere else to spend the night. And the rain was increasing. Just typical. After a brief pause, Eugene turned and headed off towards the railway station. There was every chance he wouldn't be able to get in without being caught, but the chance of a roof over his head was worth the risk. Eugene hated rain. He especially hated the way it destroyed his stocks of Aprolop and left them unsellable.

He was in luck. There was a window left open round the back, and a quick check of the area showed that no-one was around. He scrambled through the window and dropped onto the floor below, slipping behind a pile of boxes and settling down for the night. Despite the fact that he was soaking wet, he fell asleep within a few minutes.

End
file.